

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

S31

WE SAW LONDON'S TWO GREAT FIRES

—in 1666 by Samuel Pepys

SEPTEMBER 2nd (Lord's Day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day. Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City; so I rose and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Marke Lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again and to sleep.

About seven, rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not as much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By-and-by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street by London Bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already.

So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another.

And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way.

The City, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts laden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another.

Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops.

When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the bank-side, over against the "Three Cranes," and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew

darker appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire.

It made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bednall Green, which I did, riding myself in my nightgown in the cart; and Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people, running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things.

Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things.

4th. Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate, and my hands so full, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to the Tower Street, and there met the fire burning, three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays and dishes, shovels, &c., were flung all along Tower Street.

Sir W. Batten, not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in his garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmesan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things.

I after supper walked in the dark down Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us, and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood.

I up to the top of Barkling steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that ever I saw; everywhere great fires, oil-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning.

Into Moorefields, our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals, and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there.

7th. Up by five o'clock, and, blessed be God! find all well, and by water to Pane's Wharf. Walked thence, and saw all the town burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the choir fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's School also, Ludgate, and Fleet Street.

—in 1940
by the Press

LONDON, once again, was on fire. It was December, 1940.

The "Daily Mirror" said: "London's skyline was lit up by many fires when the blitz was turned on again last night.

"Incendiary bombs were rained on the City, and they were quickly followed by high-explosive bombs.

"The glow was so bright that night fighters were able to go up to intercept the enemy. Many thousands of incendiaries were dropped on one area alone. Hundreds of firemen were employed for many hours trying to save property.

"Except for fire-engines, the streets of the City of London are empty to-day.

"Miles of fire-hose keep pedestrians zig-zagging along in sometimes vain attempts to reach offices. Building after building—historic places, warehouses, business premises—all were blackened shells.

"In one square mile of the City alone, six famous churches built by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire in 1666 were destroyed. And St. Paul's had a narrow escape."

Said "The Times":

"This was a night of many heroes. Guildhall, many Wren churches, the ancient hall of the Girdlers' Company, other famous buildings, and many offices, warehouses and homes were destroyed.

"St. Paul's Cathedral, ringed by fires, was in danger, as buildings nearby blazed with a crackle and to an accompaniment of falling glass.

"This was the fiercest fire-raising attempt of the war.

"The King has sent a message of sympathy to the Lord Mayor.

"The fire-fighters held on grimly, despite loads of high-explosives. From two or three miles away St. Paul's stood out—a challenge and an inspiration. And London carried on."

Here are two more eyewitness stories of that night:

The first from a City warden.

He went with others into a building which was already well alight. On the top floor—the fifth storey—he found a flat, obviously occupied, because from under the door came a beam of light.

He knocked. An old lady opened the door.

"Well?" she said.

"The house is on fire," said the warden. "You must leave."

"Just a minute," said the old lady, and she went into her flat again—and brought out a still more ancient lady.

The warden, anxious as anyone to get into a shelter, tried to hasten them—but they went out into the street—and walked some 200 yards, all at their usual pace. And all the while the more ancient of the two ladies kept grumbling.

Once in the shelter, the warden (wishing it were beer) managed to get a couple of cups of tea, which he gave to the old women. And then—he asked the younger:

"What's your friend grumbling about?"

And the old lady answered: "She's my mother. Tomorrow's my birthday—and she's been baking a cake. She's afraid all these fires might spoil it."

Here's the second story. It comes from a "Good Morning" man who had to work at night.

He ran the good old gauntlet for about three miles through the blitz and eventually came to the Street called Fleet.

Fleet Street had had its packet, and was also pretty much alight. The street was a barricade of firemen, fire-engines and hoses.

As he scuttled along, this journalist heard a yell from a fireman—Auxiliary, of course—who was holding on with all his strength to a shivering fire-hose nozzle.

"Got a light?" yelled the fireman, twisting his lips to show the cigarette in his mouth.

Our journalist looked at him and said:

"Light it off any of the so-and-so buildings, can't you?"

A couple of bombs dropped and the fireman yelled again—and he was annoyed:

"I don't want a so-and-so fire; I want a so-and-so light."

So the journalist struck a match, gave the fireman a light, and went on to work.

That was the Second Great Fire of London.

—in 1666
by John Evelyn

2nd September, 1666.

THIS fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire neere Fish Streete in London.

3rd September.

I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames neare the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned exceedingly astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very drie season; I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole South part of

Cheapeside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindl'd back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fen-church Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainsard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly.

The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what dependency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to geunch it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at great distances one from the other; for the heate was a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the aire and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing.

Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away.

Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such has happily the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration of it. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights.

God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth.

The clouds also of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neere 56 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home.

4th September.

The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Pauls Chaine, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Pauls flew like grandos, the mealting lead running downe the streetes in the streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied.

The Eastern wind was still more impetuously driving the

flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man.

5th September.

It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh, the confusion there was then at that Court!

It pleas'd his Majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn whilst the rest of the gentlemen tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrossed) and began to consider.

Nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them downe with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd nearly the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, etc., would not permitt, because their houses must have ben of the first.

It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concerne being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew neere Smithfield, where I had my wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse.

It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industrie of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the furie of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than the Temple Westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield North.

But it continu'd all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripple-gate and the Tower as made us all despaire; it also brake out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlongs space.

The coale and wood wharves and magazines of oyle, rosin, etc., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City, was look'd on as a prophecy.

BUT—LOOK
AT THE
BACK PAGE—
LONDON'S STILL
THERE !



SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was a candle in a candlestick.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

HE WAS A DEFIANT COLT

HE had come in the early spring... a raw, untamed colt.

The white of his eye had held a challenge as the crupper and bits were being fitted on, and he champed the keys that hung in his mouth, defiantly, determined not to barter his freedom for the sake of a few oats that rewarded servitude.

Sulkily he had walked a few paces until he felt the lines tighten on his jaw, when he had bucked and reared, fought the air with his forelegs, and resisted with all his power the pull of the lines that were to bind him a slave to man.

There was something magnificent in this stubborn resistance, as he stood with his legs firmly planted, his coat rough and shaggy, his mane and tail all rags and tatters, his neck arched until his nose was between his forelegs.

But Bill just hung on to the lines, talking and coaxing, until the colt came to like the sound of his voice, and began to understand the meaning of "whoa" and "oop, lad."

His next step in being tamed was when plough-chains were slung over his back, and, coupled to a staid old plough-

horse, he took his first lesson in chain work.

The clink of chains filled him with nervous terror, and once again he bucked and reared, trying to escape. But the old plough-horse plodded along, quite indifferent to the mad antics of the colt, holding him back from his headlong rush and dragging him along when he sulkily hung back.

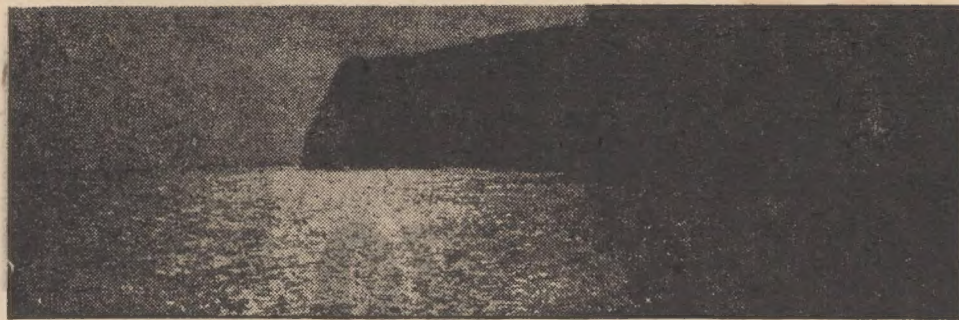
After letting off steam for a while he quietened down sufficiently to become aware of Bill's voice somewhere in the background.

His ears began to twitch, the white of his eye took on a less-defiant tint, and he began to have an understanding that where Bill's voice was there was nothing for a colt to get alarmed over.

Then one day it seemed as though he must lose confidence even in Bill. Chains had been startling enough, but now he felt the roller shafts bumping his sides, and nearly went frantic with terror.

He tried to kick, and he tried to bolt, as the roller went over hard clods, causing the shafts to fairly bounce over his ribs, but the old horse in front plodded indif-

Beneath The Surface



I TELL you, boys, some things hit you suddenly these days with the force of a silent, unseen sledge-hammer.

The other day I was talking to a young submariner who had had a pretty rough handling by circumstances, and I asked him what kept him up during the darkest hours.

I can't forget his blue eyes as they turned on me with his reply: "Oh, I had faith that everything would come right, even if I went under."

The remarkable thing was that this young seaman's name was Peter. Why was this remarkable? Why, because looking into those eyes I saw, in a flash, a picture of the Sea of Galilee and a man named Peter trying to walk on the surface. You know the story, of course.

You know how Peter was sinking and looked at One who mentioned Faith—and Peter on the Sea of Galilee stopped sinking!

Oh, I know that this Bible narrative doesn't always get the belief it merits. I know that folks often say, about it and other similar tales, that it is all very well for a story of 2,000 years ago. But wait a minute...

MODERN STORY.

I remember being up in Scotland years ago and hearing something about Faith that made me stir. Up there a man started a home for homeless boys. His name was Dr. Quarrier. He hadn't much money. He hadn't much anything material. I was told that on more than one occasion he hadn't, in the early days, the food in his home to feed the family of boys.

And what did Quarrier do? He got down on his knees and said "This is a trial of my faith; and my faith is greater than the trial."

It is a solemn, hard fact that the boys never needed to go without.

I have heard this explained "scientifically" by the theory that the moment one expresses a faith one creates a psychic

ferently on, stopping each mad rush before it could fairly start.

But worse than all else was Bill. Bill, whose voice he had come to rely on as a safeguard against any terror, was now leading him over the roughest clods for the express purpose of making him "feel the bumping shafts."

At last Bill stopped for a "breather" and the colt, all "used up," stood with muscles quivering and sweat streaming. He rubbed his sweating nostrils on Bill's sleeve and listened once again to Bill's voice calling him "a good fellow."

Now he is in the potato field—a sober, hard-working plough-horse. And, as he follows behind the pickers along the row, he stretches out his neck begging for favours.

He enjoys this working along with the potato gang. He knows that one or the other of the women is sure to offer him a potato, which he takes off their open palm with his soft, flexible mouth; and as he grinds the potato he nods his head in satisfaction.

He loves potatoes, the sound of human voices, and the comfortable feeling of shafts against his broad sides—and only last spring he was a raw, untamed colt!

With AL MALE

radiation that links up with somebody, somewhere, somehow—and the impulse of the second party is to meet the call, as it were. It may be so... I don't know, nor do you, nor anyone.

STILL A MYSTERY.

But is not that, and any other theory, just an attempt to get at the working of the link-up?

It still leaves the essence of faith unexplained... like a man who tells you just how and why your radio set operates... but doesn't probe or explain the mystery of the radio waves!

All right, said another chap to whom I told this story, "I've got faith that I'll have a glass of beer this evening, so what?"

Well, so what? I never came across a word that has been more misinterpreted than this one... Faith. Some people use it when they should use the word Hope... one of the trinity with Faith and Charity... which is quite another matter.

For Faith is a far deeper thing than the others... and Faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"... a subtle difference.

Tennyson got very near to the kernel when he wrote:

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Provided it is HONEST doubt. One is compelled to put the emphasis on the "honest," for you know a good deal better than I that a good deal of cheap criticism of Faith comes from cheap critics.

SEE HOW IT GROWS.

The truth is, of course, that Faith... real Faith... can-

not be practised by anybody just like starting in to play cards, or dominoes, or soccer.

It is a state of mind that can develop only in the right soil... like all unseen influences.

If you want a good example of the faith that is right behind us in this war, here it is in the lines of Major John McCrae, written in 1918 on Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

See how that links up with the young submariner I quoted above? "Even if I went under," he said...

Right there you have the value, the eternal value, of Faith reaching up to its highest... "Even if I went under..."

Nothing shoddy about that, is there? It has something of the inspiration of the long list of heroes throughout the ages who kept their flag flying... even if they went under.

The suppression of Self... the refusal to admit that there is only Self... and on that belief everything depends, and in that spirit everything will come right in the end. It is bound to... for this unseen thing called Faith is greater than anything else.

Cheerio and good hunting... in that Faith.

It is a melancholy truth that even great men have their poor relations.
Charles Dickens's
"Bleak House."

Grief never mended, no broken bones, and as good people's very scarce, what I says is, make the most on 'em.
Charles Dickens's
"Sketches by Boz."

THE END OF BEAU BRUMMELL (PART THREE)

THE trouble between the Prince of Wales and the Beau started when the Prince, having told Brummell to order himself a snuff-box from the jewellers, in place of one the Prince had admired and accepted from the Beau, countermanded the order.

Brummell considered himself intolerably slighted, and treated the Prince with coolness, which was returned.

The matter came to a head when the Prince, although he had not been invited, intimated that he wished to be present at a Dandies' Ball, given by Beau Brummell, Lord Alvanley, and others of the inner circle of dandies.

A CUT FOR BRUMMELL.

The only thing to be done was to send him an invitation. When he arrived at the ball-room, the four leading spirits of the affair lined up at the entrance to receive him.

The Prince spoke civilly to the first two of them, talked to Lord Alvanley for a moment or two, and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him as if he did not know who he was or why he was there, and prepared to pass on.

Brummell, furious at the cut, but with an air of perfect ease, leaned towards Lord Alvanley and said languidly, but loud enough for the company to hear — "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?"

Those who were in front and saw the Prince's face said he was cut to the quick by the scathing yet very apt remark.

Although the Royal disfavour did not prevent the Beau from keeping his supremacy of the world of fashion for some years after this affair, it told in the long run. His eventual downfall was caused by debt.

WANTED FOR DEBT.

His losses at gambling mounted to colossal figures, and to pay them he had to borrow extensively. He was given good credit, but at last he was pressed on all sides for money, and to escape his creditors he was forced to flee the country.

His own explanation of his bad luck was the loss of a crooked sixpence, which he swore brought him good fortune.

He made his headquarters at Calais, and even here friends came to his aid. They sent him funds, in one case as much as a thousand pounds, and he managed to live in a good style.

But as he grew older and his friends died off, or got tired of keeping him in funds, his position grew less pleasant.

He had a gleam of hope when the Prince of Wales, now King George IV, visited Calais. But that monarch, never famous for his generosity, and ungenerous in spirit, took no steps to notice him.

Through the good offices of the Duke of Wellington, Brummell was made English Consul at Caen, Normandy. But his salary was eaten up by his debts, and when the consulate was abolished as being useless, he was left penniless.

Illness followed on poverty, and towards the end he became imbecile, so that he could not tell the difference between bread and meat or wine and coffee. He died in hospital in 1840.

REACTION.

In his mental breakdown he sometimes replayed some of the scenes of his former triumphs. He would imagine he was once again entertaining the leaders of Society.

Not until the servant had announced that the carriages were waiting would the farce end, and Brummell sink into a chair to stare vacantly into the fire.

It was a terrible end for the pastrycook's grandson, who had won himself fame and opulence by his own merits—even though it was principally due to his ingenious tying of a cravat.

D. N. K. BAGNALL

PUZZLE CORNER

INITIAL CHANGES.

There is a word of only four letters, the initial letter of which can be changed no less than seven times to form seven other equally well-known words. Here are the definitions for the entire eight words:—

A plant, a necessity, a reward, to nourish, an exploit, to notice, a pipe, and a produce.

Name the original word and the seven changes.

WHAT'S THE WORD?

Put three letters before and the same three letters in the same order after, the following:—

ERGR

If you have selected the correct letters you will have completed a very familiar word. The word is one much used to-day in connection with revolutionary movements in Axis-occupied territories. What is it?

Solution to Puzzle in S30 (Word Ladder).—RIDE, rile, wile, will, wall, WALK. COLD, cord, card, hard, harm, WARM.

STEADY THERE



BUCK RYAN



MARVEL WITH MILLIER

THAT eminent philosopher Dr. (Professor) C. E. M. Joad is of the opinion that the invention of the internal combustion engine is one of the curses of the century. A curious opinion this, but as it was expressed in condemnation of the spoiling of the countryside by streams of evil-smelling cars driven by townspeople at week-ends, it is one easy to understand.

An American designer has already prepared plans for an aerial train service after the war, with enormous gliders coupled like so many goods trucks behind powerful aeroplanes. We who have seen the aeroplane evolve from the first weird-looking machines with their tiny engines are entitled to regard the present-day mastery of the air as a really wonderful achievement within so comparatively short a space of time.

Yet it is probably true to say that man has envied the birds their power of flight ever since he became able to think at all clearly. In the very earliest times the problem of human flight had been exercising men's minds to find a solution. In the pre-historic days of Greece, we learn from Horace:—

"Dædalus the void air tried
On wings, to human kind by Heaven
denied."

He records how the youthful Icarus lost his life through injudicious soaring during his flight from Crete to the mainland of Greece.

William of Malmesbury, in his account of the conquest of England by the Normans, mentions a Benedictine monk, by the name of Elmer, who, having affixed wings to his hands and feet, ascended a lofty tower, whence he took his flight, but fell to the ground and broke both his legs.

As we are accustomed to expect lofty ideals from high dignitaries of the church, it may not, after all, be quite so surprising to learn that a serious effort was made by a very learned gentleman, Dr. Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, to realise his favourite dream of visiting the moon.

THE BISHOP'S DREAM.

The Bishop enlisted the aid of Dr. Robert Hooke, the leading scientist of his day, and persuaded him to design a contrivance which would enable him to fly. The learned scientist set to work, and in 1658 he is said to have made a model which, by the aid of springs and wings, raised and sustained itself in the air, but, finding by his own trials, and by calculation, that the muscles of a man's body would not furnish sufficient motive-power to rise from the ground, he had to think of other means.

He continued his attempts to solve this baffling problem as late as 1674, when he constructed a contrivance of bat-like wings, which were to be fastened to arms and legs, and a form of air-screw which helped to move the wings, but apparently life was not long enough to carry the experiments to a successful conclusion.

Bishop Wilkins may have been a little in advance of his time, but we may all agree that he was not such a bad prophet when he predicted that there would be a "flying chariot in which a man might sit and give such motion unto it as shall convey him through the air, and carry a viaticum, and commodities for traffic."

Even Dr. Johnson, who, you may recall, declared that no man could travel at twenty miles an hour and live, was by no means so dogmatic on the question of flying. About eighty years after Hooke's experiments and Dr. Wilkins' prophecy he wrote "Rasselas," in which he says: "He that can swim needs not despair to fly. To swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler."

It was about fifty years after Dr. Johnson's encouraging remarks to would-be aviators that Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the rocket, which brought him fame and fortune, gave his idea of a flying raft, to be actuated by windmills, but he did not aspire to reach the moon.

The fifteenth-century scientist Leonardo da Vinci gave serious thought to the problem of flying, but we are not told that his speculations were ever put into practice.

THE FIRST FLIGHT.

Apparently it was not until 1803 that anything approaching a successful flight was made, that is, if a few feet or yards can be termed flight. It was at this date that Sir George Cayley, who had been experimenting for a number of years, constructed a form of glider, which succeeded in gliding for a short distance.

From this time onwards the number of bold spirits who attempted to fly is legion, but nothing of great moment was achieved until near the close of the nineteenth century, when a German named Lilienthal published in 1889 the results of twenty years' study. He continued to construct gliders until in 1896 he succeeded in making descents from hills about 250 feet high to distances of between 200 and 300 yards.

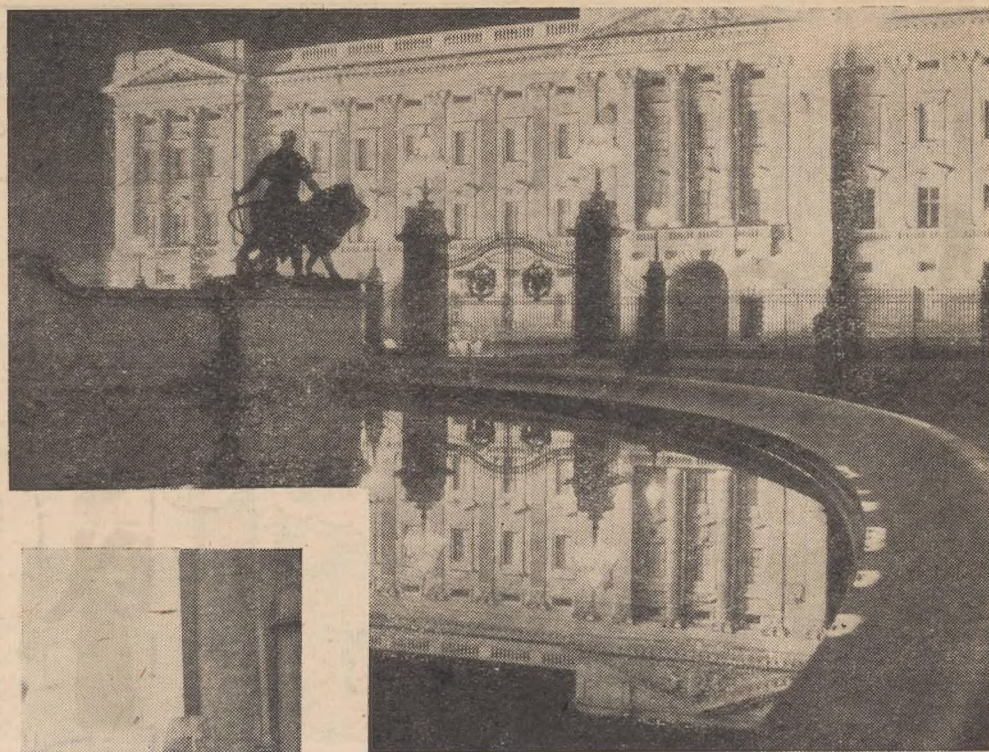
Since then we know that flying progress has been breath-taking, but we have yet to open up commercial relations with the inhabitants of the moon. Still, it isn't wise to be too sceptical.

W. H. MILLIER

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

THIS, OUR DEAR LONDON



BRITONS BARGAINED WITH GAULS HERE—THE OLD DOW-STEPS

This piece of Thames Strand is one of the most ancient outposts of British civilisation, and here, skin-clad Britons chaffered with the Gauls for slave-girls, tin and hides.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Get up them apples and pears."

